

Dismemberment Plan

"Girl O'clock"

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I don't have s-s-s-s-s-sex
by the end of the week,
I'm g-g-g-going to die
If I don't feel a p-p-p-p-pair
of s-s-s-soft l-l-l-l-lips on my own,
oh, I'm going to hang my head and cry.
If I don't feel w-w-w-warm breathe
on the n-n-n-nape of my n-n-n-n-neck
or feel a nice post-coital sigh
C'mon baby, you can tell the cops why!
(variations of oh oh no no no several times)
And ya don't know th-th-th-the
ice ice cold vice that grips my head
And ya don't know th-th-th-the burning,
the burning I feel when I try to get out of bed
And ya don't know how these urges,
all these urges, can be so very very misread
C'mon baby, was it something I said?
(variations of oh oh no no no several times)
When the sun, the stars up in the sky,
you know it's girl o'clock
I don't know, but I've been told it's so,
you know it's good as gold,
you know it's tick tock ya don't stop.
If I don't have a n-n-n-n-nervous
b-b-b-breakdown by the end of the week
I'm going to be very, very surprised

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